



Ross Barnett

Film Services

Television Drama Series

Fall from Grace

EPISODE 2 of 4

Screenplay by Ross Barnett

based on the novel by Robert Yates

DURATION: 45 minutes

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The series is contemporary (2014). There are numerous locations in N.S.W. and some locations in Melbourne.

Episode 2 of 4

Hands type at a computer keyboard. The camera tilts up to the computer screen and follows the type - occasional errors and corrections are shown. The mouse is used to select variations in type size. No sound except for the tapping of the keys.

The text on the computer monitor shows the credits for the series.

CREDITS APPEAR ON THE COMPUTER MONITOR

The mouse pointer is used to bring up different pages as the credits roll. On completion of the credits, the mouse clicks (audibly) on "save".

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

1. EXT. - PANORAMA, BLUE MOUNTAINS N.S.W.

*Day. The camera pans across the spectacular view from **Elizabeth's** house.*

Elizabeth (off camera)
(angry)

So what the *fuck* have you been up to?

CUT TO

2. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W.

*Day. A Sydney newspaper lies on the table showing a photograph of **Simon** with the headline MUSIC ENTREPRENEUR CHARGED. **Simon**, still looking dishevelled, enters carrying his bag.*

Simon

And good morning to you too!

Elizabeth

I've mortgaged the house to get you out of prison,
Simon . . . you owe me an explanation . . .

Simon

I'm grateful, 'Liz, but I thought we'd arranged for
Margaret to put up the bail money?

Elizabeth

As if Margaret could raise two hundred grand overnight!
So . . . now long have you been **PENDING** [refer to **CHAPTER
2 PAGE 2**]

CUT TO

3. EXT. -WALKING PATH, BLUE MOUNTAINS N.S.W.

Day. Elizabeth's two dogs, Jack Russells named Joe and Fluffy, run enthusiastically up the track as Elizabeth and Simon walk slowly in deep discussion.

Elizabeth

It's like you're two different people . . . there's the
Simon I know and love, the Simon who's warm and
colourful and intelligent and handsome and strong . . .
and then I see another Simon, a totally different person
who is selfish and deceitful . . . some kind of sexual
monster . . . I don't know which one is the real you.

Simon

You know I don't want any kind of relationship,
'Liz . . . I told you that from the start. There's been
no deception . . . on the contrary, I've always been
honest.

Elizabeth

Screwing other women behind my back . . . that's
honest?

Simon

It wasn't behind your back . . . you imagined we
were in some kind of relationship . . . you wanted
love . . . I wanted friendship.

Elizabeth

(turning angrily to face him)

Fuck you, Simon! You knew I loved you . . . now
you tell me I was just a cheap screw!

Simon

That's not what I'm saying at all! You always knew
I had other lovers . . . you met some of them, for
God's sake . . .

Elizabeth

(after a pause)

You selfish prick!

Elizabeth *turns abruptly and starts walking back towards the house.*

Elizabeth

(turning and shouting)

And if you think you're sleeping with me, you're not . . . I've made up the bed in the spare room.

Simon

(calling back)

I wouldn't dream of sleeping with you!

Elizabeth

(disappointed)

Of course, I was forgetting . . . I'm too old for you, aren't I?

CUT TO

4. INT. - KITCHEN, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Morning, the sun streaming through the window. Elizabeth is in a dressing gown drying her hair as Simon reads the newspaper at the breakfast table.

Simon

What a bloody awful photo! . . . it says here I own a mansion in Sydney and a five hundred thousand dollar yacht ! . . . where do these people get this rubbish?

Elizabeth

They make it up . . . makes for a better story.

Simon

Good Grief!

The telephone rings.

Elizabeth
(on the 'phone)

Hello . . . yes, I've seen it. He's here now, as a matter of fact . . . rubbish, grossly exaggerated . . . thanks Penny, appreciate your thoughts . . . bye now.

She hangs up and the 'phone rings again immediately.

Elizabeth
(on the 'phone)

Hello . . . hi Mum . . . I've spoken to him, yes . . . of course . . . of course . . . I will, yes . . . it's still early days . . . right oh, bye for now . . .

Elizabeth
(hanging up the 'phone)

My mother says I shouldn't talk to you on any account.

Simon

Can you put the 'phone on message bank?

Elizabeth

Done! . . .

Simon
(still reading the paper)

The band gets a mention . . . Gawd, I don't know how the boys will react about that . . . I better get in touch with them.

Elizabeth

(sitting down at the table)

So, what happens next?

Simon

I report dutifully to the police once a week, and wait until the barrister contacts me.

Elizabeth

You'll need a solicitor.

Simon

True.

Elizabeth

Will you get someone in Sydney or Melbourne?

Simon

I have no idea . . . Melbourne, I guess . . . I'll see what Alistair says.

Elizabeth

If nothing else, this will cost you a lot of money.

Simon

It's going to cost a bloody fortune.

CUT TO

5. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Late morning. Elizabeth is dressed in jeans as Simon picks up the 'phone.

Simon

Do you mind if I make some calls?

Elizabeth

Who are you going to 'phone?

Simon

Family . . my sister first, then Mum.

Elizabeth

Good idea . . . here's a list of messages left on message bank . . . the boys from the band want you to call them urgently.

Simon

Oh God? Who was it?

Elizabeth

Rick first, then John, both frantic.

Simon

(looking up the number in his diary)

Right . . . I better call them first.

CUT TO

6. INT. - LIVING ROOM, RICK'S HOUSE, TASMANIA

Day. **Rick** is an old rocker, former member of Triple X.

Rick

(answering the 'phone)

Simon, what the fuck's going on? **PENDING [refer to CHAPTER 2 PAGE 6]**

Don't be a dickhead, we're right behind you, mate . . . we knew there'd be more to it. Yes, give John a call, he'd appreciate that. You know we're on the road again next month? Come and see us when we're in Sydney, we'll be in touch. Look after yourself, mate . . . anything we can do to help, just ask

CUT TO

7. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Simon

(hanging up and dialling again)

Well that was nice, what a relief . . .

Elizabeth

Positive?

Simon

Totally, both of them . . . true friends in time of need.

Elizabeth

Yes, well, they would be , wouldn't they!

Simon

(hanging up the 'phone)

What do you mean by that?

Elizabeth

They're rock and roll stars . . . they've probably . . .
oh, never mind.

Simon

You've got a problem with musicians?

Elizabeth

Never mind.

Simon

(dialling again)

Hi Sis, Simon

CUT TO

8. INT. - KITCHEN, SISTER'S HOUSE, BEECHWORTH

*Day. Simon's **sister** is late sixties living alone on a country property*

Sister

(on the 'phone)

I read all about it in the paper . . . Mum saw it
too, I spoke to her earlier . . . not at all, she
can't understand what all the fuss is about
PENDING [refer to CHAPTER 2 PAGE 7]

9. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Simon

(hanging up the 'phone)

Well that's a relief, Mum doesn't seem too worried,
poor old girl.

The 'phone rings.

Simon

(answering the 'phone)

Alistair, hello! . . . yes, safely home thankyou . . .
the Sydney papers as well, yes . . . okay . . . okay

CUT TO

10. INT. - BARRISTER'S OFFICE, MELBOURNE

Alistair

(on the 'phone)

It's important you understand just how serious these
allegations are . . . I've spoken to the solicitor I ment-
ioned, his name is Andrew Beames . . . B . . . E . . . A . .
M . . E . . S . . . that's it. He'll take your case but you
need to come down for a conference as soon as possible
. no, just him, I won't be there . . . yes, I do
think it's necessary.

CUT TO

11. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Day. Elizabeth enters with a tray of gourmet sandwiches and wine, which she sets down on a table.

Elizabeth

Lunch.

Simon

Alistair wants me to go back to Melbourne.

Elizabeth

What? Right now?

Simon

No, in a week or so . . . he says it's important I speak to the a solicitor in person.

Elizabeth

Can't you do some sort of 'phone conference?

Simon

Alistair thinks I should fly down, just for a day.

Elizabeth

What a damn nuisance . .

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

12. EXT. - PANORAMA, BLUE MOUNTAINS N.S.W.

Early morning, mist. Simon drives the Porsche through stunning scenery.

CUT TO

13. EXT. - STREETScape, SYDNEY AIRPORT

Day. The Porsche enters traffic on the freeway and takes an airport turnoff.

CUT TO

14. INT. - AIRPORT LOBBY, SYDNEY

Day. Simon walks through the VIRGIN AIRLINES lobby.

Announcer (off camera)

Virgin Airlines Flight Five Two for Melbourne
now boarding at Gate Six . . .

CUT TO

15. EXT. - SOUTHERN CROSS STATION, MELBOURNE

Day. Simon leaves the station and walks up Latrobe Street towards the legal core of the city, passing barristers and solicitors on the busy pavement.

CUT TO

16. INT. - RECEPTION, SOLICITORS' OFFICE (MELBOURNE)

Day. An attractive receptionist looks up as Simon enters.

CUT TO

17. INT. - SOLICITOR'S OFFICE, MELBOURNE

A door marked Andrew Beames opens and Andrew offers his hand.

Andrew

Right. before we get down to business I have some good news for you . . . Alistair sent us a cheque for two thousand four hundred dollars, the balance from your account with him . . . so you're in credit!

Simon

Two thousand four hundred dollars?

Andrew

That's right, we have it in our trust account.

Simon

But I gave Alistair ten thousand dollars!

Andrew

And a damn fine job he did! . . . Those coppers really didn't want to let you go . . . Would you like some coffee?

Simon

No, thank you . . . two thousand four hundred dollars?

Andrew

I'm still trying to get my head around this business, Simon . . . my understanding is that you met this young lady on an adult website?

Simon

That's correct. The site's called Adult Friend Finder.

Andrew

Okay . . . and is it a requirement of this site that, er, 'members' I suppose you'd call them, are over eighteen years of age?

Simon

Absolutely!

Andrew

Right . . . well, if we're going to keep you out of prison, we have a lot of work ahead of us. Here's what I need you to do - you might want to write this down . . . item one, write down exactly how you came to berth the yacht in Coffs Harbour and an outline of your lifestyle there . . . got that? . . . item two, write down the reason you joined the internet dating site , its rules and the way in which it works . . . item three, detail precisely - and this is important, Simon - [detail precisely the circumstances PENDING \[refer to CHAPTER 2 PAGE 4 & 21\]](#)

. . . item five, detail exactly [what happened when PENDING \[refer to CHAPTER 2 PAGE 4 & 21\]](#)

Now, you've cancelled your passport?

Simon

Yes.

Andrew

And you gave details of the cancellation to the police?

Simon

Yes, I faxed the paper-work to Darke.

Andrew

(referring back to the paperwork)

Not Don Darke? Ringwood Police Station?

Simon

Yes, that's him.

Andrew

I know him well . . . I used to work with him, I was a police prosecutor before I changed sides. The man's a clutz . . . stickler for the rules, though.

(reading the paperwork)

Okay, now, the police have your computer . . is there *anything* on the computer I should know about?

Simon

No, absolutely not . . . the computer is perfectly clean.

Andrew

No naughty photos, no email messages? . . . they'll be looking it over with a fine tooth comb . . .

Simon

There is nothing incriminating on the computer . . . I've got nothing to hide in that respect.

Andrew

Let's hope so . . . now, one other thing . . . contact Telstra and see if you can get copies of the text messages you exchanged . . . they should work in your favour.

Simon

Right . . . so what happens next?

Andrew

Assuming you comply with your bail conditions, which I'm sure you will, the next court appearance will be a committal hearing in about six months' time.

Simon

I need to come down to Melbourne for that?

Andrew

Yes, you do . . . at that time I'll have more of an idea as to what the police have in the way of evidence . . . you intend to plead 'not guilty', I take it?

Simon

Yes, of course.

Andrew

Right . . . get those written statements to me as soon as you can, and I'll take things from there . . . Simon, there are no skeletons in the closet, are there? . . . nothing else I should know?

Simon

No, why do you ask?

Andrew

It's just that the police are really interested in your yacht, especially the fact that you sailed into Coffs Harbour without notifying the coastguard . . .

Simon

I went through all that with Darke . . . there was a storm, the coastguard wasn't responding to the radio.

Andrew

Make sure you include every detail in your notes to me . . . the police will want to rake up as much dirt as they can.

Simon

Well they'll have a hard time proving anything.

Andrew

Simon, it's not that they have to prove you're guilty . . . the fact is that *you* have to prove you're innocent.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

18. EXT. - STREETSCAPE, TELSTRA OFFICES, SYDNEY

Day. Simon climbs out of a taxi and enters the building.

CUT TO

19. INT. - RECEPTION, TELSTRA OFFICES, SYDNEY

Day. Simon approaches the reception desk.

Receptionist

Good afternoon, Sir.

Simon

Hello . . . I need to speak to someone about recovering data from a 'phone . . . it's a legal matter.

Receptionist

Right . . . do you have an appointment?

Simon

No.

Receptionist

(consulting a directory on her computer)

Mr Jacobs might be able to help you . . . if you'll take a seat, I'll see if he's free.

CUT TO

20. EXT. - JACOBS' OFFICE, SYDNEY

Day. Simon enters and shakes hands with Jacobs.

Jacobs

Aaron Jacobs, and your name is . . . ?

Simon

Simon Young, Aaron . . . I need copies of my text messages, sent and received, especially for April . . . it's a legal thing.

Jacobs

Your text messages?

Simon

Yes.

Jacobs

You have a standard package with us?

Simon

Yes, I do.

Jacobs

It won't be possible, I'm afraid . . . all text messages are automatically deleted after delivery.

Simon

I can get a court order, if necessary . . .

Jacobs

I'm sure you can, but that doesn't change the fact that all text messages are deleted after delivery . . . if it's within a period of twenty four hours, there's a chance, but you're talking about April!

Simon

So there's no record kept?

Jacobs

Not unless you keep the messages on your 'phone . . . we process billions of messages every day, Simon . . . no carrier could possibly keep records of every message . . sorry mate.

CUT TO

21. EXT. -WALKING PATH, BLUE MOUNTAINS N.S.W.

Late evening. Elizabeth and Simon walk along the bush track as the two dogs rummage in the undergrowth.

Simon

I can't believe there's no record of the texts . . .
that means it will be her word against mine.

Elizabeth

She might have kept them on her 'phone.

Simon

She's not going to keep them if it shows she's been
lying about her age . . . By the way, would you mind if I
use your computer for a couple of days? . . . I have to type
up a shitload of stuff for the solicitor.

Elizabeth

You can't use your laptop?

Simon

The police have it.

Elizabeth

How stupid of me! . . . I just can't get my head around
this . . . of course you can use the computer.

Simon

And I should pay you some kind of board . . .

Elizabeth

Don't be ridiculous . . .

CUT TO

22. EXT. - POLICE STATION, BLUE MOUNTAINS

Morning. Simon parks the Porsche in the street and walks to the rural police station.

CUT TO

23. EXT. - POLICE STATION, BLUE MOUNTAINS

Early morning. Simon presses a bell on the counter and a police sergeant enters.

Police Sergeant

'Morning, Sir . . . what can we do for you?

Simon

Bail conditions, reporting . . . Simon Young.

Police Sergeant

(his demeanour changing)

Really! . . . got your paper work?

Simon *passes some papers across the desk.*

So what brings you up this way?

Simon

I'm staying with a friend.

Police Sergeant

(quietly - writing in a large book)

Word of advice . . . we don't like your sort 'round here . . . best you keep a low profile.

Simon

I intend to.

Police Sergeant
(closing the book)

Right . . . fuck off.

CUT TO

24. INT. - SMALL OFFICE, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

*Day. A window overlooks a magnificent view of the Blue Mountains. A laptop computer stands on a small desk against the window as **Elizabeth** enters, followed by **Simon**.*

Elizabeth

You'll have some privacy here, anyway . . . I won't be using the laptop.

Simon

Perfect . . . I'll buy a cheap printer, it's ideal.

Elizabeth

Your ex-wife rang.

Simon

Margaret? . . . how did she sound?

Elizabeth

Worried . . . they want us to go down on Saturday, for lunch.

Simon

That will be nice.

Elizabeth

Yes, well . . . I'll be coming with you.

Simon

Of course you will.

Elizabeth

I thought maybe you wouldn't want me to come..

Simon

You're just being silly . . . they like you . . . of course you must come.

CUT TO

25. INT. - DINING ROOM, MARGARET & BOB'S, SYDNEY

*Day. Six people in their fifties sit at a table strewn with remains lunch and wine bottles - hosts **Margaret and Bob**, guests **Simon and Elizabeth** and mutual friends **Jill and Paul**.*

Simon

. . . anyway, we get to the airport, and the prison people who are supposed to be part of the escort haven't turned up . . . Darke goes ballistic on the 'phone and we set off at a run, almost, to catch the flight to Melbourne and I see these signs saying 'Virgin Airlines' and I ask Darke if we're flying Virgin or Qantas and he says 'Qantas, of course' so I point to the signs and he says 'Oh fuck!' and

we turn around and start running in the other direction!

*Everyone laughs except for **Elizabeth**, who isn't amused.*

Finally we arrive at the Qantas desk and there's chaos as the flight is delayed . . . Darke says to the other bloke 'Stay here with the prisoner . . . I'll see what's going on' and as soon as Darke leaves the other bloke says 'I'm going for a piss - you stay here' and I'm left standing by myself.

Bob

You should have done runner!

Simon

Darke comes back, finds me standing by myself and goes apoplexic - it's like the Keystone Cops . . . 'where the fuck is he?' says Darke, just as the other bloke walks back casually talking on his mobile 'phone . . . then Darke really gets stuck into him, and he goes off again saying 'This time stay with the prisoner' . . . soon as Darke is out of sight, the bloke's on his mobile again talking to his wife . . . 'I'm escorting a prisoner and the flight is delayed', he says . . obviously his wife isn't buying this and she says wants to talk to me! . . . 'No, you can't talk to him' says the cop . . . 'because he's a bloody prisoner, that's why not!'

Margaret

You're making this up, Simon.

Simon

Honest truth, I swear . . . finally, we board the

'plane and get to Melbourne about seven o'clock.

Bob

And they kept you there for a week?

Simon

Yes . . . like the black hole of Calcutta . . . you would not believe how primitive our prisons are.

Margaret

You poor thing!

Simon

I was lucky to get out at all . . . they wanted to keep me locked up.

Bob

Why, for God's sake?

Simon

(putting his hand on Elizabeth's arm)

I have absolutely no idea . . . but if it hadn't been for 'Liz, I'd still be there . . . you know they set bail at two hundred grand?

Bob Jill Paul

(speaking simultaneously)

What! . . . you're not serious! . . . two hundred thousand dollars!

Paul

What is wrong with these people!

Margaret

You managed to find the money, 'Liz?

Elizabeth

It wasn't easy.

*The door opens and **Bob's daughter Sarah** enters with her boyfriend **Dave**.*

Sarah

Hi everyone!

Margaret

Hello darling, have you had lunch?

Sarah

Yes thanks . . . we're just changing then we're off to the beach.

CUT TO

26. INT. - KITCHEN, MARGARET & BOB'S, SYDNEY

*Day. **Simon** carries in a stack of dirty plates and puts them in the sink, then goes to the fridge for a bottle of wine. **Sarah** enters dressed for the beach in shorts and T-shirt.*

Sarah

Have you been a naughty boy, Simon?

Simon

Hi sweetie . . . that's what they're saying, yes.

Dave enters the kitchen and is particularly unpleasant.

Dave

Come on, Sar, let's go!

Sarah

(skipping out the door)

See you, Simon . . . good luck with things!

Simon

G'day Dave, how's things?

Dave

(scowling, quietly)

I don't talk to shits like you.

CUT TO

27. EXT. - GARDEN, MARGARET & BOB'S, SYDNEY

Day. Simon carries the wine bottle into the garden and finds his ex-wife Margaret alone.

Simon

Top up?

Margaret

Thankyou . . . so, you and 'Liz are an item once again?

Simon

No, we're not.

Margaret

She seems to think you are.

Simon

It's difficult, especially with the bail money and now me living there.

Margaret

You better sort things out, Simon . . . you don't want any more dramas on your plate.

Elizabeth

(calling from the back door)

Simon! . . . we should be heading home!

CUT TO

28. EXT. - STREETScape, MARGARET & BOB'S, SYDNEY

Day. The six people walk to the Porsche as Simon unlocks the car door.

Bob

(running back into the house)

Hey, your guitar . . . you said you'd like to take it!

Elizabeth

Thankyou so much for lunch, Marg.

Margaret

You know you're always very welcome.

Bob

(returning with a guitar case)

Here you go, matey . . .

Simon

(putting the case into the Porsche)

Thanks, Bob . . . I guess I'll see you when I see you.

Bob

Be good!

CUT TO

29. EXT. - DRIVEWAY, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Evening. The Porsche drives into the driveway and stops, Simon pulls the guitar case from the car.

CUT TO

30. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Evening. Elizabeth and Simon enter, Simon with the guitar case.

Simon

Hey, can you do me a favour?

Elizabeth

What?

Simon

Can you hop online and check the PENDING

Elizabeth

But you're not allowed on the internet!

Simon

I won't be on the 'net . . . you will.

Elizabeth
(reluctantly)

Alright . . . I guess.

Simon

Unbelievable! She's still on the site, still using the same profile just as if nothing's happened!

Elizabeth

Bullshit, she couldn't be that stupid.

Simon
(pointing to the computer monitor)

That's her! That's her profile. And it says when she was last online, look . . . today's date. I need to get these details downloaded.

Elizabeth

Well you can't do it, you'll get yourself locked again . . . don't look at me! I'm not poking around in this site!

Simon

Wocka! Wocka's the man . . . remember Wocka from the band? He's a computer nut, he'll help. I'll call him tomorrow.

CUT TO

31. INT. - WOCKA'S OFFICE / STUDIO, SYDNEY

Day. Wocka sits at his untidy desk surrounded by computer hardware. Music plays loudly, interrupted by a strange ringtone. Wocka hits a button and a speakerphone connects, the music volume diminishes.

Wocka

Dingographics good grief, the world famous
Simon Young! of course, be glad to help I'm
online now, fire away

The camera pans to the computer screen and follows the webpages as they load. Initially, we see a GOOGLE SEARCH REQUEST as Wocka types:

Adultfriendfinder, got it here we go

The AFF INDEX PAGE loads and Wocka types a search request.

d . . e . . e . . p . . p . . u . . r . . p . . l . . e . . space
a . . n . . g . . e . . l . . deeppurple angel, okay,
here we go.

The camera CUTS to a wide shot shot of Wocka sitting at the desk as he physically recoils from the computer monitor.

Holy shit! Fuck me, this is a bit over the top!

*The camera CUTS back to the computer monitor which shows a webpage featuring **PENDING***

Is this legal? And this is the chick that's causing you all the grief?

CUT TO

32. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Day. Simon has the 'phone to his ear, looking out of the window.

Simon

That's the one . . . can you check to see when she was last online, it says it there . . . yes, that's what I thought. So she's still using the site. Could you join up for me so that you can access all the details, it's important.

CUT TO

33. INT. - WOCKA'S OFFICE / STUDIO, SYDNEY

Day. Wocka types. The computer monitor displays the DEEPPURPLE ANGEL PROFILE.

Wocka

Join up? . . . become a member, you mean? . . . will this get me in prison like you? . . . *(doubtfully)* okay then, but I'm telling you, the first sign of anything dodgy and I'm out of here . . .

The AFF MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION PAGE loads as Wocka types. His typing is fast, professional.

What shall I call myself? I know, I'll be Doctor Watson . . . Doctor Watson, Sherlock Holmes, get it? . . . I have to use my credit card, eighteen bucks . . . don't be ridiculous, I can afford eighteen bucks, don't worry about it . . . *(pause)* . . . here we go . . . we're in . . . okay, I'll go back to the purple princess page . . . purple angel, whatever . . . I'm there . . . oh my, there's new photos . . . oh my . . .

(laughing) . . . this is pretty hardcore, are you sure this is the right profile? Have the cops seen this?

CUT TO

34. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Day. Simon has the 'phone to his ear, still looking out of the window.

Simon

Hey, that's a good point. I have no idea if the cops have seen it or not . . . you'd imagine they would have seen it, wouldn't you? . . . on the other hand, maybe they haven't, who knows? . . . there's a box at the top showing the date she joined, can you see that?

CUT TO

35. INT. - WOCKA'S OFFICE / STUDIO, SYDNEY

The computer monitor shows the DEEPPURPLE ANGEL PROFILE still up.

Wocka

Yes . . . says she's been a member since the fourth of August. . . . there's a whole bunch of guys listed as 'friends' and some pretty raunchy comments . . . do you feature here?

CUT TO

36. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Simon has the 'phone to his ear, still looking out of the window.

Simon

No, I never joined her friends list, thank God . . .
did you say August fourth? . . . that means she didn't
delete the profile after she reported me to the cops,
and she's been using it ever since, still saying she's
eighteen . . . can you download all this onto hard
copy?

CUT TO

37. INT. - WOCKA'S OFFICE / STUDIO, SYDNEY

*We see the computer monitor with the DEEPPURPLE ANGEL PROFILE
still up.*

Wocka

Let's have a look . . . sure, it looks like it can
be downloaded . . . what's your email address?

CUT TO

38. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Simon has the 'phone to his ear, still looking out of the window.

Simon

No, not email, I'm not allowed on the internet.
Can you post me hard copies of all the relevant
pages? . . . thanks so much, Wocka, I owe you.

CUT TO

39. EXT. - PANORAMA, BLUE MOUNTAINS N.S.W.

*Day. Simon and Elizabeth walk Joe and Fluffy, the Jack Russell terriers,
along a bush track with the mountains as a backdrop.*

Simon

You realise how important this is?

Elizabeth

No, not really.

Simon

Aawww . . . come on! She is still on the website, still
claiming **PENDING**

Elizabeth

She's obviously a very confused young woman . . . I
feel sorry for her.

Simon

*(stopping and turning to **Elizabeth** in disbelief)*

What? . . . you feel sorry for *her*? . . . I'm the one
the cops are chasing, and she's lying - *still* lying
about her age.

Elizabeth

Yes, well . . . I feel sorry for you too.

Simon

Thankyou . . . thankyou very much. It's pretty obvious
the cops don't know about her adult profile . . . same
would go for **PENDING**

So obviously they will have no details of the messages
we exchanged, she's not going to let them see the real
messages . . . I want you to see the profile, Liz, when
it arrives.

Elizabeth

Eewwww, no thankyou . . . that sort of thing doesn't interest me at all.

Simon

But don't you see? It explains my actions, why I did what I did.

Elizabeth

Well, I certainly don't understand why you did what you did . . . it just makes you out to be - oh, never mind!

CUT TO

40. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

*Day, sunlight streams through the window. **Simon** types at a computer as **Elizabeth** enters with an express post A4 envelope.*

Elizabeth

Okay . . . mail's here.

Simon

(swinging round and holding out his hand)

Excellent . . . good old Wocka!

Elizabeth

*(handing **Simon** the envelope and pulling up a chair)*

Right . . . I want it on the record that I'm doing this against my better judgement . . .

Simon opens the envelope and after briefly perusing the contents, hands the sheaf of papers to **Elizabeth** without a word.

Elizabeth

(looking at the first page)

Oh my goodness! . . . oh my!

The camera pans over her shoulder to show the page [refer CHAPTER 2 PAGE 19]

CUT TO L/S Elizabeth *in the chair reading.*

Elizabeth

(taking glasses from a case and putting them on to read)

If I was this girl's mother I would die!

CUT TO C/U over Elizabeth's *shoulder as she turns to the second page.*

[refer CHAPTER 2 PAGE 20]

CUT TO L/S as Elizabeth reads the pages and **Simon** rests his chin on his hand.

Elizabeth

And who are all these blokes? There's dozens of them.

Simon

They're her 'friends', other profiles she's hooked up with.

Elizabeth

Are you here?

Simon

No, thank goodness.

Elizabeth

And she's met all these people? . . . in real life?

Simon

I have no idea, some of them I guess . . . it's possible.

Elizabeth

And will they be charged by the police?

Simon

I suppose they will be, if they . . .

Elizabeth

(after a pause)

[refer to [CHAPTER 2 PAGE 20](#)]

Simon

To put it crudely, yes.

Elizabeth

And how else can you put it? It's hardly romantic, is it? . . . and is this what turns you on now, Simon?

Simon

You're suggesting I've changed? I've always

[refer to [CHAPTER 2 PAGE 20](#)]

You see me as some kind of respectable elderly gentleman, well I'm not . . . I'm interested in excitement and yes, [refer to [CHAPTER 2.PAGE 20](#)]

Elizabeth

Sometimes I wonder why I bother with you.

Simon

(standing and pulling Elizabeth towards him)

No, you don't . . . you bother with me because we're friends . . .

Elizabeth

(surrendering into his arms)

Sometimes I wonder

CUT TO

41. INT. - KITCHEN, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Evening, sunset. Simon is busy at the stove and Elizabeth enters with shopping bags.

Simon

Bon soir, madam . . . coq au vin . . . ready in twenty minutes.

Elizabeth

(taking a folder of plastic sheets from the basket)

Why thankyou, kind sir . . . I bought you a present.

Simon

Really?

Elizabeth

For those computer pages here.

Simon

(wiping his hands on a tea-towel and taking the folder)

Oh my goodness, thankyou.

Elizabeth

There's twenty sheets there, is that enough? At least you can present the pages in a professional way.

Simon

Thankyou so much, 'Liz . . . do we have candles?

Elizabeth

Sure . . . are you getting romantic?

Simon

Yes. I'm really grateful for all your help.

Elizabeth

I just wish you loved me.

CUT TO

42. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

*Morning, the sun streaming through the window as **Elizabeth** (wearing a short robe) is on her hands and knees on the floor, surrounded by the printed website pages. **Simon** types at the computer.*

Elizabeth

(sorting and sliding the printed pages into plastic folders)

So, she has a total of forty eight 'friends' . . .
mmmmm, this one's hot, twenty nine, Adelaide

. . . ages of the 'friends' range from nineteen to . .
. . . . *seventy two!* good grief . . . [refer to **CHAPTER
2. PAGE 20**]
. . . shall I file them in order of age?

Simon

Best to file them in order of dick measurement.

Elizabeth

(seriously)

You think? . . . You're joking, aren't you?

Simon

Maybe file them in order of the date they're put on her
list . . . that's forty eight 'friends' in eight months . . .
. . . she's been a busy girl .

Elizabeth

(busily filing the profile pages)

Your ticket to freedom . . . they can't go on with
the case when they see these profiles.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

43. INT. - SOLICITORS' OFFICE (MELBOURNE)

Andrew sits at his desk with the file of AFF PROFILES in front of him.

Andrew

(on the intercom)

Mel, can you get me Simon Young in New South
Wales please . . . *(his telephone rings)*

Simon? Andrew Beames in Melbourne . . . I've just received your package . . . this is the alleged victim? . . . Oh dear oh dear! You haven't been in contact with her, have you? . . since your arrest?

CUT TO

44. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W.

Simon

(speaking on the 'phone)

No, of course not . . . but I have a friend keeping an eye on the profile, just to see when she's online. He's a professional IT wiz, works in the industry.

Andrew (of camera)

Dangerous . . . you're treading on thin ice there.

CUT TO

45. INT. - SOLICITORS' OFFICE (MELBOURNE)

Andrew

(on the 'phone)

Tell you what we'll do, give me your friend's name and address and I'll write to him with a formal request that he monitor the website and invoice this office accordingly. That keeps you out of the loop and provides me with information I can produce in court . . . *(writing)* . . . good, got that . . . how are you doing with the other things? . . . soon as possible . . . okay mate, look after yourself.

Andrew *hangs up the 'phone and studies the folder, then presses the intercom.*

Andrew
(on the intercom)

Mel, can you get me Detective Sergeant Don Darke at Ringwood Police Station please . . . thanks.

He peruses the AFF profiles . . his 'phone rings.

Andrew
(on the 'phone)

Don? . . . Andrew Beames . . . I know mate, too long . . . *(laughing)* true . . . look, I'm representing Simon Young . . . yes, from New South Wales . . . what's happening with the brief? . . . of course, that won't be a problem, how long do you need? . . . sure, one month is fine, you'll book it in for a mention? . . . good onya, mate . . . one other thing, your victim's internet profile, you know she's still using it? . . . yes, we're monitoring it - she's still online claiming to be eighteen . . . just thought you ought to know . . .

CUT TO

46. INT. - WOCKA'S OFFICE / STUDIO, SYDNEY

Day. Wocka sits at his desk watching the computer monitor as he talks on the telephone.

Wocka
(on the 'phone)

The profile's been deleted . . . quite sure . . . says 'No Such Profile' . . . definitely been closed down.

CUT TO

47. INT. - LAUNDRY, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Day. Simon stands with a telephone in one hand and a claw hammer in the other. Behind him the dilapidated wall of the laundry has been stripped as Simon renovates the old room.

Simon
(on the 'phone)

But that's remarkable, that's too much of a coincidence . . . my solicitor in Melbourne received the profile yesterday, we spoke about it.

CUT TO

48. INT. - WOCKA'S OFFICE / STUDIO, SYDNEY

Wocka types at his keyboard.

Wocka
(on the 'phone)

Yes, well, coincidence or not, the profile's been deleted . . . it's gone . . . it's a deceased webpage, as John Cleese might say.

CUT TO

49. INT. - LAUNDRY, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Simon talks on the telephone as Elizabeth comes and stands in the doorway.

Simon
(on the 'phone)

Shit! . . . I don't suppose you kept any record of it, the profile I mean? . . . *(aside to Elizabeth)*

she's deleted the profile . . .

CUT TO

50. INT. - WOCKA'S OFFICE / STUDIO, SYDNEY

Wocka
(on the 'phone)

Is the Pope a catholic? Of course I kept copies,
dates, full details . . . don't worry about that.

CUT TO

51. INT. - LAUNDRY, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Simon
(on the 'phone)

Thank God for that, well done . . . oh, on which
note, the solicitor will be writing to you formally,
asking you to monitor the site . . . yes, makes it
legal . . . he'll be asking for your bill.

CUT TO

52. INT. - WOCKA'S OFFICE / STUDIO, SYDNEY

Wocka
(on the 'phone)

Bill, what bill? . . . don't be bloody ridiculous,
I won't be charging you anything . . . you think?
. . . well, if you think it's best . . . okay, I'll charge
my normal rate, but I don't want to be paid . . .
alright mate . . . no, it seems to be a permanent
thing, I don't think she'll be back, not with the
current profile, anyways . . . yep, I'll keep an
eye on it.

CUT TO

53. INT. - LAUNDRY, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

Day. Simon hangs up the 'phone as Elizabeth stands in the doorframe, leaning against the door.

Simon

We posted Andrew Beames the file with the Adult Friend Finder profile, and today the profile's been deleted.

Elizabeth

Really? That's a coincidence.

Simon

He told me he was mates with the prosecuting police bloke . . . fuck!

Elizabeth

Wocka says he's got copies?

Simon

Yes, thank God . . . makes you wonder, though, doesn't it? . . . I need to talk to Wocka again.

CUT TO

54. INT. - WOCKA'S OFFICE / STUDIO, SYDNEY

Day. Wocka opens the door and Simon enters.

Wocka

G'day matey . . . how're you holding up?

Simon

Average.

Wocka

Drink?

Simon

Coffee?

Wocka

(making two coffees)

So . . . I take it they haven't dropped the charges yet?

Simon

Not as far as I know.

Wocka

Bastards!

Simon

Wocka, is there any way we can access messages exchanged within the website? . . . they would really help my defence.

Wocka

(he puts the AFF website up on the computer monitor)

Messages exchanged within Adult Friend Finder?

Not a hope in hell . . . I doubt if it's technically possible, but even if it is, you'd need some kind of court order and that would be virtually impossible to enforce.

Simon

Bugger . . . there's no way I can prove what was said?

Wocka

Surely her profile's proof enough? . . . the statement that she's over eighteen, the number of blokes listed . . . how many were there?

Simon

Forty eight.

Wocka

Holy shit! . . So you're just one of forty eight blokes?

Simon

I wasn't even listed . . . not on her friends list.

Wocka

So why, in the name of God, are you being charged?

Simon

She claims [[refer to CHAPTER 2 PAGE 10](#)]

Wocka

But they can't prove she told you that?

Simon

Problem is, I can't prove she didn't . . . hey, can you print up a couple of copies of her profile, friends and all? . . . I sent the first copy to my solicitor.

Wocka

(typing and printing)

Sure . . . so what did your solicitor say, about the profile?

Simon

I haven't spoken to him, he just said he received it.

Wocka

What? He didn't 'phone you to discuss it.

Simon

Not in detail, no.

Wocka

Look mate, I've worked for some solicitors here in Sydney . . . the good ones are like barracudas, hungry, aggressive. Strikes me your bloke's far too pally with his police mate. When's your next court appearance?

Simon

No idea. Apparently we're waiting for the brief of evidence from the prosecutor.

Wocka

My advice, mate, 'phone him, get the show on the road. You don't want it dragging on after Christmas.

CUT TO

55. INT. - SOLICITORS' OFFICE (MELBOURNE)

Andrew
(on the 'phone)

There's no way we'll be back in court before Christmas . . . the police asked for an extension, so I agreed.

CUT TO

56. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W.

Simon
(speaking on the 'phone)

You agreed?! Why the hell did you agree?

Andrew (off camera)

These things take time.

Simon
(speaking on the 'phone)

So I'm under virtual house arrest for another month?

Andrew (off camera)

It's a slow process, Simon.

Simon

(speaking on the 'phone)

So when do expect the prosecution brief?

CUT TO

57. INT. - SOLICITORS' OFFICE (MELBOURNE)

Andrew

(on the 'phone, consulting a file)

Let me see . . . okay, the prosecution brief should be here by twenty second of January . . . oh, by the way, Simon, your account here is a bit light, we'll need some more cash.

Simon (off camera)

How can it be 'light'? You had over two grand there.

Andrew

(on the 'phone)

That was paid to your computer analyst.

CUT TO

58. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W.

Simon

(speaking on the 'phone)

To Wocka? Two grand? . . . good grief! . . . okay, I'll forward a cheque for five grand.

Andrew (off camera)

Better make it ten . . . we'll have a lot of work to do as soon as the prosecution brief gets here.

Simon

(on the 'phone)

Fuck! Okay, I'll send ten grand . . . one thing, though, Andrew, I want those documents by twenty second of January.

Simon hangs up the telephone as **Elizabeth** sits down beside him.

Elizabeth

What's happening?

Simon

Andrew Beames wants another ten grand . . . apart from that, nothing at all is happening. Nothing at all.

Elizabeth

Well, I guess these things take time.

Simon

God, don't you start!

Elizabeth

Oooops . . .

CUT TO

59. EXT. -WALKING PATH, BLUE MOUNTAINS N.S.W.

Day. The two dogs run through the bush as Simon talks on a mobile

'phone.

Simon

(speaking on the 'phone)

I'd like to speak to Andrew Beams, please . . .
okay, can I speak to his secretary . . . good morning,
it's Simon Young calling from New South Wales.
I'm expecting a copy of a prosecution brief that is
due today, twenty second . . . no, I'll wait.

*(some delay as **Simon** throws sticks for the dogs to chase)*

You have it, good. Can you fax a copy to me now?

CUT TO

60. INT. - SOLICITORS' OFFICE (MELBOURNE)

Melanie *the secretary thumbs through a large pile of documents.*

Melanie

(on the 'phone)

It's rather large . . . there are a hundred and twenty
three pages here . . . rather than use the fax machine,
how about we photocopy it and send it express mail?
. . . okay, will do. 'Bye for now, Mr Young.

Melanie *hangs up the telephone and puts the folder in a tray on her desk.*

CUT TO

61. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W.

Morning.

Simon

(speaking on the 'phone)

May I speak to Andrew Beames, please . . then
may I speak to his secretary . . . then can you ask
Mr Beames to call me back urgently, my name is
Simon Young, he has my number.

DISSOLVE TO

62. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W.

Evening.

Simon

(speaking on the 'phone)

May I speak to Andrew Beames, please . . then I
shall wait . . . I don't *bloody care*, I shall wait.

(after some delay)

Andrew, you're not returning my calls . . . *of course*
I'm upset, where's the prosecution brief?

CUT TO

63. INT. - SOLICITORS' OFFICE (MELBOURNE)

Andrew

(on the 'phone)

Look, mate, it may surprise you to know that you're
not our only client, we're extremely busy here . . .
you should have the brief, we posted it to you a
week ago . . . wait.

*Andrew stands up and walks out to the secretary's desk, looking through a
bundle of folders on her desk he finds the prosecution brief.*

Sorry, mate, it might have been overlooked . . . I'll
have it posted to you first thing on Monday.

CUT TO

64. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W.

Evening.

Simon

(speaking on the 'phone)

No, you'll send it by courier over the weekend,
and *don't* expect me to pay the expense . . . if
you're too busy to represent me, Andrew, then
maybe I should make other arrangements.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

65. EXT. - PANORAMA, BLUE MOUNTAINS N.S.W.

*Day. The camera pans across the spectacular view and follows a large
motorbike negotiating the road to **Elizabeth's** house.*

CUT TO

66. EXT. - DRIVEWAY, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W

*Day. A motorcycle **courier** pulls into the driveway as the **two small dogs**
go berserk. **Simon** comes out from the house.*

Courier

(taking a package and clipboard from a saddlebag)

Simon Young, is it? . . . package for you . . .
lovely trip, this, I wish I could get up this way
more often . . . I need a signature here . . .

Simon

(taking the package)

Thankyou . . . would you like a coffee or anything?

Courier

Best be on my way, thanks anyway.

CUT TO

67. INT. - LIVING ROOM, ELIZABETH'S HOUSE N.S.W.

Simon *enters, sits down at the desk and opens the package.*

Simon

(speaking to himself)

Right then, you bastards . . . let's see what you've got to say for yourselves.

C/U of the legal document headed The Queen v. Simon Greenway Young.

Roll credits

END OF EPISODE TWO

THIS DRAMATIZATION IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY

Roll credits